THE KANZAS NEWS:

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THE KANZAS NEWS.

"THE PEOPLE ALWAYS CONQUER."

BY P. B. PLUMB. EMPORIA, KANZAS, SEPTEMBER 26, 1857. VOL. 1—NO. 13.

The Kanzas News.

SATURDAY,.....SEPTEMBER 26, 1857.

The Chinese Sugar Cane--Experiments and Facts Worth Knowing.

From the Chicago Press.

We have seen it stated that not less than a hundred thousand acres have been devoted to Chinese sugar cane in this country the present season. The experiment of manufacturing sugar and molasses from it, therefore, will be tried on a scale sufficiently large to determine the whole question of its value for such purposes. There are fields of it in every State and Territory of the Union, and from various quarters, both at the North and the South, we hear that the crop is approaching maturity, and that preparations are being made to manufacture sugar. It has been extensively planted in our own State, and some specimens which have fallen under our notice exhibit an extraordinary growth. A gentleman from Champaign county left several thrifty stalks with us yesterday from ten to twelve feet in height, which were full of juice that to the taste was as rich in saccharine matter as that of the proper sugar cane, and of most delicious flavor. We have not the least doubt that it would yield a superior article of sugar. We are also in possession of several stalks, fully ten feet in height, from the garden of Mr. H. O. Stone, on the lake shore.

But while the grand experiment of sugar-growing in the temperate latitudes approaches its culmination, multitudes are still in doubt whether pure, well-crystalized sugar can be made from the juice of the Chinese cane. For ourselves, the evidence in the affirmative is entirely conclusive on this point. Such is the verdict of the best French chemists, whose testimony has been recently communicated to the Patent Office, and will be given to the public in the forthcoming report of the Commissioner. Some of the results of those experiments have already appeared in the *Press*, and others are lying before us now, from which we propose to gather a few additional facts.

One class of chemists, among whom is Dr. Jackson, of Boston, have assumed, as the result of their hasty experiments, that only glucose, or grape sugar, could be made from the juice of the sorghum; but more careful and thorough investigations show that the greater portion portion of its saccharine matter is crystalizable. M. Herey, of France, contends that no uncrystalizable sugar pre-exists in the cane, and that the formation of glucose sugar is only owing to the action of the salts contained in the liquid during the manufacturing process. "Be this as it may," continues the report, "it is certain that the greater portion of the saccharine matter of the juice is crystalizable, and may be obtained in the state of crystals, if, after boiling and filtering, the clear fluid be quickly evaporated, the latter operation being a condition of absolute necessity in sugar-making, as, by slow boiling, at a temperature of 212 degrees, or even exposure for a considerable time to a temperature below the boiling point, glucose may be formed from the purest crystalized sugar dissolved in water. On the contrary, if the concentrated solution of sugar be heated beyond 230 degrees F., it undergoes alteration, and is changed, at least in part, into uncrystalizable sugar, or saccharine mucilage."

Mr. Wray, of London, who is now in attendance upon the National Fair at Louisville, and who has perhaps more experimental knowledge upon the subject than any other man in the world, is quoted as good authority by the Commissioner on the question of crystalization, and we presume that the experiments which he is now making from day to day will be equally conclusive upon the public mind. He has devoted years to the subject, pursuing his investigations in Africa and France, as well as this country during the present season, and has obtained a patent for his process of sugar-making in England.

Assuming, then, that superior sugar can be made from the juice of the sorghum, it is hardly possible to exagerate its importance as an addition to the crops of the temperate latitudes. Its value was discovered at just the period when the culture of the sugar cane at the South had become a partial failure, and when also the general consumption of sugar began to outrun production. The world demanded that by some means, if possible, the supply should be increased, and in response to that demand, as if by providential arrangement, the country was supplied with the seed of the Sorghum and the Imphee, from which we are to have our first harvest of free labor sugar. It is a great event in the political economy of this country, if not of the world. We pay out annually many millions of dollars for foreign sugar, the crop of Louisiana at best meeting but a fraction of the demand. Last year it was estimated that the nation consumed not less than 700,000,000 pounds, and this amount, vast as it is, must continually increase if a sufficient supply can be obtained. In this sugar cane we are now confident we have the source of an almost unbounded supply. It will flourish everywhere in the Union, and can be raised at the West as easily and cheaply as corn. Where, then, shall we fix the limit of its culture, save in the demand for sugar and molasses? The prairies of Illinois, besides growing all the breadstuffs they do now, might almost supply the markets of the world with those articles. We shall be content, however, for the next two or three years with enough of each to meet the home demand. The business can be indefinitely extended thereafter.

From the Baltimore Sun, of Aug. 21st.

Forsooth, if this novel experiment should prove a success in the direction to which it points, we shall soon be able to establish the practical notion of "every man his own sugar planter." It threatens a total revolution in saccharine affairs. And there will not remain a doubt but every farmer will raise all the sugar and molasses required for his own domestic use. As an article of fodder it is universally approved, and is given to stock with singular advantage, strengthening and fattening it. It is by no means delicate in structure, nor fastidious to climate. We hear a good report of it from the broad prairies of the West, and the more modest fields of Massachusetts. Still it is yet but an experiment. The ensuing autumn will possibly, and we hope establish its success.

Just now the most interesting inquiry of those who have grown but a little is to know what to do with it—or, rather, how to get the molasses and sugar out of the cane.—The sugar question, from the best information at hand, we are inclined to think had better be left for the present to the suitable apparatus of the business for a decisive test. That the syrup granulates is asserted by several experimentalists; and it is also stated that rhombohedric crystals have been detected by low miscroscopic power. From some quarters we have the confident expectation declared that under proper treatment an excellent sugar will certainly be obtained. We have before us experiments and results by small growers during the last season, from which we select a few passages by way of suggestion to those who have the article afield.

Mr. John L. Marsh, of Washington, Ill., writes as follows:

"I planted early in May one square rod of ground; the cane grew about ten feet high. I cut it in October, before any frosts; about two-thirds of the seed was ripe when cut. I ground it immediately after cutting in an old cylinder cider mill, and I ground only a part of the cane I had, in consequence of breaking the mill. Did not measure the juice I got; boiled it in a common kettle; the syrup foamed in boiling, like maple syrup. I clarified it with a little lime. Knowing nothing about cane sugar, I managed it just as I would maple sugar, and tried to make it granulate by stirring it, as I used to do with maple, but I could not make it granulate by that process, and set it away. In about six or eight days I looked at it, and found it a very handsome article of well granulated sugar. The syrup was pronounced by all who tasted it to be good—equal to any we get from the South."

A sample of molasses from the Chinese sugar cane was presented at the American Institute Farmers' Club, of Conn., from Mr. Haley, of Groton Center, Conn., who made it. He accompanies it with the following:

"About the 15th of September, when the seeds are not entirely ripe, I (fearing frost) cut two-thirds of the lot, removed the seeds and crushed in an old cider mill with its upright corrugated wooden rollers; and from this imperfect process I have obtained five gallons of juice, which I evaporated to one gallon, in an iron pot. The molasses I found equal to the first quality of New Orleans, well charged with sugar granules. It is of fine flavor and cooks white.

"The remainder of the cane stood about twenty days longer, during which time it had experienced a severe frost, but with no visible injury. The seed had become fully ripe. I cut and proceeded as before, obtained about the same proportional quantity of molasses, but of better quality, which may have been owing to more careful manipulation.

"The trial gives a result of about three hundred gallons per acre of first quality molasses. I saved seed to plant fully an acre this year. Half of my seed has been distributed among my friends, and now, having faith in the experiment, I shall take more care. I planted too thick. I shall try some seeds in the forcing bed and transplant. I shall plant in ridges not less than three feet apart, thinning out if necessary, and transplanting such as I take up. I find the first seeds saved sprout as well as the last. I may add that I manured slightly my hills, from the barn-yard."

The editor of the Ohio *Farmer* received a bottle of syrup from the cane, accompanied by a note from Mr. Wm. Steele, of Kingsville, Ashtabula county, in that State. He says:

"About the 20th of October I cut it close to the ground, stripped off the outside leaves, and for the want of a more perfect machinery I pounded the stalks; after which I cut them up two or three inches long, and boiled them in water about an hour; then strained and boiled down the liquor, frequently skimming it, from which I obtained two gallons of the article which I send you.

"By this process, imperfect as it was, I think I saved only about half the virtue of the stalks. I send you this as the result of my experiment with an article which is new; and as many have raised it, and left it to rot, or have fed it out, I make the statement with the hope of inducing more thorough experiments by some of your many readers, as it may be raised on good low ground, and I think to good profit."

The article sent was tested by the editor, who found it to possess a very sweet and agreeable flavor, far superior to that of the sugar cane generally sold here, and quite a pleasant relish with buckwheat cakes.

Mr. H. G. Bulkley, of Kalamazoo, Mich., furnishes the *Prairie Farmer* with his experience. He planted, but neglected, the little crop, yet it throve well. After an early frost the seed was destroyed. The stalks were left standing till October, then cut and thrown into piles to get them out of the way. Some time afterwards he saw a statement in some paper that molasses could be derived from it. Then he says:

"I took some of the canes and cut them into pieces about three inches long, when they were readily ground through one of Hicock's portable cider mills, with cast iron grinders, and then pressed with the powerful pressers attached to the mill. The quantity ground was about half a bushel of pieces, and the juice expressed was about seven quarts.

"The juice, when evaporated, made one quart of molasses that is pronounced, by those who have tested it, to be superior to the New Orleans molasses, and some say equal to the flavor of the maple syrup. It is, at all events, good molasses.

"From an estimate made, I judged that the square rod of ground planted—if the canes had all been used—would have produced four gallons of molasses, or at the rate of 640 gallons per acre. Such a crop would have proved valuable the last year, since sugar and molasses are so high.

"There is little doubt in my mind that any person who has a small piece of land may manufacture his own molasses, and perhaps sugar.

"If cultivated on so small a scale as not to warrant the expense of erecting the rollers for expressing the juice from the cane, they may be cut up in a straw-cutter, and ground in one of Hickock's portable cider mills, with such facility that two men could obtain five or six barrels of the juice per day by hand, and proportionally more if horse or other power is used.

"The juice could be cheaply boiled in one of the evaporators with which you are acquainted, without burning the syrup or wasting any fuel.

"Besides the molasses obtained from the stalks the leaves will make good forage, the seed will nearly equal that of a crop of corn or oats, and the tops will make brooms."

In compiling the foregoing information we have included all that we think necessary for small experiments in extracting the molasses from the cane. If the article proves a success, mills and machinery for the manufacture of sugar will of course be erected in the vicinity of its growth, and ingenuity will soon provide convenience for the farmer adapted to the amount of his produce.

Woman as a Walker.

We, who go by the name of men, young and old, have a way of denominating our opposites in gender the *weaker* sex. Those intensely acrid and unsentimental masculines who regard woman simply as so many cumbersome inconveniences, who can only hope to pay their footing by a close and incessant application to buttons, babies, and stewpans, and by keeping out of the way, take a keen delight in cherishing the idea that *they* are endowed with superior strength and powers of endurance. And we, who choose to regard feminines otherwise than with a harsh utilitarian spirit; who feel their presence to be a comfort, their smile a great joy, and their tender sympathy a blessed influence, without which we would grope cheerlessly to the grave, find it difficult to acknowledge their physical equality with ourselves. We can't help admitting—the concession does not gall our pride—that, intellectually, they are quite our peers. But then, while we are charmed by their beauty and enraptured by their gracefulness, —magnetised by their glances and covetous of their wealth of affection, we encourage ourselves in the faith that we have a preponderance of muscle and stamina, and that we only are capable of bearing, unbroken, the fatigues of every day existence. This, in our opinion, is a popular delusion. As far as our observation and experience go, we think that men, with all their robustness and solidity, are usually the first to succumb to violent exercise of any kind. We have seen airy creatures, as delicate, apparently, as the first blossom-child of the spring sunlight, toiling merrily up singularly steep hills to get a fine view, and showing no signs of weariness, while their cavaliers strove to be pleasant as they panted and perspired and trembled in the limbs.—Who hold out longest in these picnics and rambling excursions which our friends are engaged in out of town? Once, when the bricks had not claimed us as their prisoner, we set out, on a sweet, musical, fragrant summer morning, with merry girls in jaunty little hats and refreshingly light dresses, and advanced boys, sonorous and sunburnt, for a day's ruralizing. Our start was very elastic. We made incessant rattling observations, of a jocose kind, and acted in such a spry manner as emancipated urbans are totally unable to avoid when they snuff the country breeze fresh from the flowers, listen to the matin warble of the uncaged birds, and press the velvet verdure beneath them. Well, we strolled across the meadow, and had an inconceivably funny time teaching the damsels to scale the fences; we boated on the big, still pond, and wrenched the soft moss from the boulders: we tried to "come it" over the fish, with inconsiderable success. All this before the sun had climbed very high. We afterwards began to feel premonitory symptoms of lassitude, but still our spirits were effervescent and our conversation brisk. After the heat became uncomfortable, and we observed some kine with their tongues out, we broke for an umbrageous, refrigerating grove. At this point we began to rather hope that some one of the girls would propose a halt; we argued inwardly that we must have come a good way; we pointed out a tufty space which, it struck us, would afford a capital natural settee. We were discouraged when the young women exclaimed, in one powerful conjoint breath, that they weren't a bit tired. Our effort to look benignant and acquiescent at the particular young woman who asserted her ability to walk all day, must have been frightful to behold. By this time, our legs (we blurt the word rashly) gave token of gradual failing, and struck out in a very loose and unreliable manner. We grew stupid, our sprightly chat declined into a mild monosyllablism, we felt convinced that we would have to stop pretty soon. To our horror we noted an absolute increase of gayety on the part of our never dumb belles; they ejaculated and shied about as if they were just fairly beginning to enjoy themselves. By-and-by we emerged from the grove and were confronted by a hill. Our spirits took a dreadful fall. Could they—would they propose an ascension? Yes—our interesting and indomitable companion who could walk all day, saw some lovely little flowers up there, and her motion to go up was carried with distressing unanimity. Up we struggled. Sharp pains were shooting up from our pedal extremities, and radiating through our entire system. Our remarks were curtailed, and our pleasantries wretched abortions. It was only owing to a strict personal bringing-up that we did not revolve violent language in our mind. The clinging blooms having been plucked, at the imminent peril of a sudden precipitation down hill, and tossed away in thirty seconds, we descended.

With feet that we felt sure were turning into exaggerated blisters, quivering legs, and a frame generally used up, we reached our temporary abode. It took us two days to recover, and for awhile a horrible suspicion overcame us that we should be halt for life. We actually overheard our fair friend, who could walk from sun up to sun down, expressing her private wish to the other maidens that we would get up a dance on the evening of that identical day, to which they all said Amen! and Amen! Tell us not of stalwart pedestrians accomplishing a thousand miles in a thousand hours. We believe a woman, with her spunk up, could do it in half the time. As for dancing, no limit can be assigned to the number of hours a woman will waltz and polk. We have known pouting, laughing, coquetting beauties—who would certainly die if they had to walk more than three squares to church—to shake their light, fantastic toes, from early evening until the sun streamed in and dimmed the lustrous jets, and disclosed the little mosaic work which gas sets off so brilliantly. In corroboration of our views of female vigor, a friend assures us that he took a weaker vessel of his particular acquaintance to the promenade concert the other night—a small, compact, clipper-built little creature was she. He deposes that he inadvertently asked her to walk around; that she kept on promenading, at a lively gait, with such indomitable perseverance that he felt compelled, from the exigencies of the case, to implore her to pause in her career. He is of opinion that his face, by the time she suffered him to cease from motion, was pale, and that his eyes were surrounded by bluish semi-circles.—*Philadelphia Journal.*

"The Son of an Irish Mechanic."

The following notice of the late Senator Rusk appears in the Troy (New York) *Budget:*

"The nation is now bewailing the loss of Thomas J. Rusk, a gallant soldier in the cause of liberty, and a statesman of commanding influence. He was among the first of the Texan volunteers to avenge the atrocities of the Mexicans upon American citizens, and served faithfully through the war for the independence of the "Lone Star." To his wise foresight the victory of San Jacinto is mainly attributable, and when Houston was wounded, he it was who countermanded the order to halt, and cried "Push on, boys, push on!" and they did push on, with the terrible war cry of retribution, "Remember the Alamo!" As President of Texas and its chief justice, in his advocacy of annexation, and as United States Senator since that event, he occupied a commanding position, and in every situation showed himself *a true American.* And yet his father was a stone mason, and an emigrant from Ireland, who settled in Pendleton district, South Carolina, upon land belonging to John C. Calhoun, where Thomas J. Rusk was born. Such a man would have been prohibited from holding office were the know-nothing party in the ascendancy; the blood of his father would have worked an attainder against him, and the country must have been deprived of his eminent services. This one practical illustration of the folly and injustice of distinctive Americanism carries with it a stronger argument than any that ever emanated from the secret lodges, under the delusive cry that "Americans must rule America." Where in the annals of our history can we point to a man more deeply imbued with the spirit of true Americanism than Thomas J. Rusk, the son of an Irish mechanic?"

The Assault at St. Paul.

The *Minnesotian* of the 26th ult., gives the following account of Ex-Gov. Gorman's assault on Mr. Wilson, of Winona:

Yesterday afternoon, while Mr. Wilson, of Winona, and Judge Sherburne, of St. Paul, were quietly discussing a proposition which had been brought before the Committee during the morning session, Mr. Wilson made the remark, in substance, that there were gentlemen of the Democratic side on the Committee with whom he could interchange opinion freely, and in whose judgement and opinions he had confidence; that, however, there were other men in whose judgement he had little confidence, or remarks to this effect. It was a free conversation between Judge Sherburne and Mr. Wilson, but Gorman overheard it, lying on a sofa in reach of where Wilson was sitting, and immediately demanded whether he (Gorman) was included in the latter category. Wilson's reply was "most certainly." Gorman sprang to his feet and struck Wilson in his sitting position, a violent blow over the head with his heavy gold-headed ebony cane, shivering the cane into splinters by the blow; and as Wilson fell from his seat, his assailant attempted to jump upon him to smash his face and head, but was prevented by Col. Aldrich, who seized him by the shoulders. Wilson gathered strength, and getting hold of his own cane, was about paying back the cowardly assault, when Gorman cried out, "For God's sake don't let him strike me with that cane!" whereupon the culprit was released from Col. Aldrich's grasp, and forthwith fled the room.

Ladies on Horseback.

If there is on earth a more fascinating and bewitching sight than a lovely woman in the parlor or boudoir, it is that same lovely woman—on horseback; taking it for granted, of course, that she knows how to ride, and sits upon the noble animal, proud of his glorious burden, like a muse taking an airy stroll through ether upon the back of Pegasus, and not shivering and shrinking at every step, like a wooden doll, fearful of falling to pieces. Female equestrianism is one of the most exquisite luxuries of a high civilization; an exercise in which every source of healthful and pleasurable emotion is brought into play, not only for a moment, but in all the movements and occupations of the body, and which presents the bewildering outline and undulating beauty of the female form in all its ravishing and intoxicating perfection.

An unloving woman is an impossibility, unless we can imagine a pillar of ice to stand against a July sun. But all women love, and that passionately. Those who profess that they do not, are only trying to hide a bitter disappointment behind the transparent mask of affectation

Too Old to Plant Trees.

Read the following, from a correspondent's letters to the Buffalo *Courier*, dated Saratoga Springs. It conveys just reproof to those who are too indolent, or think themselves too old to plant trees:

"This morning a little dialogue, which I chanced to overhear, amused me with a train of thought an hour long.

It was later than usual when I started, and I found myself *returning* in the hottest part of the day. After walking some distance beneath the shade of friendly trees, I came suddenly upon a very sunny block. I looked up and beheld an elegant house with a fine garden, that told of a tasteful and wealthy proprietor. Just as I was wondering why the good sense which had evidently superintended the whole establishment could not have been extended to relieve this glare of sunlight, the voice of a little child playing in the court yard clothed my thought in words.

"I don't want to come in," said he.

"But it is too sunny for you out there, my little fellow; so be a good boy, and come in."

"Oh dear," sighed the boy, "I wish we lived across the way, where the sun don't shine, or even behind those big trees on the corner. How came they there, though, grandpa; and why can't *we* have big trees, too?"

The answer was not audible. But presently the boy's shrill voice was heard again.

"But why can't you plant trees in front of *your* house, just like those he planted?"

Whereupon an old man of hoary head and infirm step appeared on the threshold, and I heard the words, "Too old, my son; when grandpa came here to live, he was too old to plant trees. It takes a great while to grow trees, and, by the time they grew large enough to shade him, grandpa would be dead and gone."

Too old to plant trees! thought I. What a selfish old age that man must live! Afraid to plant trees, lest another should enjoy the shade of them! Surely the experience of a lifetime might have taught him this great law of life, that one man labors and another enters into his labors.

"Birds for others build the downy nest;
Sheep for others bear the fleecy vest;
Bees collect for others honeyed food;
Plows the patient ox for others' good."

And men cannot be an exception to the general rule: for we are all created to be dependent on each other, and everybody has some other body's happiness in his keeping, and will be answerable for it when the great Judge shall ask, "Where is thy brother?"

No man is ever too old to make or mar the comfort of those whose lot happens to have fallen within his sphere. And this principle is so much a primary law of nature, that our influence on one another lives after we are dead, in the deeds we have done or left undone. And no man should be satisfied to die, and leave the world neither the brighter, the better nor the happier because he has lived in it.

One generation must plant the tree, that others may eat the fruit of it.

The "bread cast upon the waters" was not to be returned until "after many days."

Suppose Columbus had given up his projects of discovery, lest others should settle in a country for which they did not have the trouble of seeking?

Suppose those old men, our Pilgrim Fathers, had said: "We are old, we have not long to live; we will make ourselves comfortable, and let the next generation establish religious tolerance for themselves."

Where would have been our Republic if General Washington had said: "The tree of liberty will take so long to grow, that it is hardly worth my while to plant it?"

Where were all our libraries, if all the poets had said: "An author's life is only weariness, and fame cannot reach him in the grave?"

Where had civilization stopped if the great inventors, to whom we owe the incalculable benefits of steam, electricity and mechanism had said: "People cling to old customs; the world is given to its idols, let it alone?" Watts worked not for a day, but for all time. The proud boats which have joined the Atlantic with the Pacific, by navigating our long rivers and broad lakes, had never existed if Robert Fulton had stopped to consider how long it would take to ripen his plan of using steam power on water voyages.

Suppose Whitney had kept to himself the secret of the cotton-gin, or Morse that of talking by lightning, because men laughed at the possibility of accomplishing either? and being public benefactors without public gratitude is sorry work.

These men all know that God ordained half the world to toil, and sweat, and groan, that the other half might thrive and rejoice.

A Good Joke.

William Wells Brown, the colored orator, who is not so black as some white men, told a very good story at the Abington celebration on Saturday. On a steamboat on Cayuga Lake, the other day, he went to the breakfast table with the other passengers. Just as he took his seat, a dark colored white man called a waiter and asked if colored persons were admitted to the table with white folks. The waiter did not know exactly what to say, so he called the Captain, who, on entering the cabin inquired who called for him. "I, sir," said Mr. Brown, pointing to the dark stranger, "I desire to know if it is your custom to allow colored people at the regular table?" The Captain replied that no objection had ever been made before, and seeing the dark white man evidently annoyed in spirit, appealed to the generosity of the colored orator, to allow him to remain. Mr. Brown finally consented, and at this turn of affairs the white man, who was so black as to be passed for a negro, left the table in utter disgust and unable to speak his thoughts.—*Boston Traveler.*

If you ask a young lady to walk out with you, she first looks at your dress, and then thinks of her own. There's where she's right.

If you want an ignoramus to respect you, "dress to death," and wear watch seals about the size of a brickbat.

Marshal Canrobert and Crinoline.

At the ball at the Tuileries, the progress of crinoline was impeded by every possible means. Doors were blocked up now and then by a large party of malicious gazers, who suddenly broke away with great bustle and *fracas* whenever a lady attempted to pass, leaving the passage totally free, as if to hint that the whole space was not too much for her crinoline—to the utter confusion of the lady, who, in more cases than one, beat a retreat, unable to bear the attention thus drawn upon her. Canrobert's *bon mot* upon this subject is recorded with great gusto. One of the numerous assailants of his heart, the Marquis de T—— had been watching, with evident anxiety, his approach across the ball-room, towards where she was seated. Her emotion became visible as he drew near, and she spread out even to a greater extent the already exorbitant skirt of her dress, which, with the aid of bouffaus, flowers, crinoline, and flounces, filled the whole of the bench, burying beneath its ample folds two or three of her less resolute neighbors on either side. After a few of those little *manauderies* for which the Marquise is remarkable, and one or two killing glances into the General's face, seeing that his attention was attracted to her toilet, she exclaimed with an affected lisp: "Well, Marshal, what do you think of my dress, to-night?"

"Madame," returned Canrobert, with a smile of gallantry, as he surveyed, with an approving nod, its vast expanse. "I cannot but admire it, for it recalls to my mind the dearest *souvenir* of my soul."

"Indeed!" exclaimed the Marquise, her countenance brightening, and her eyes expressing at the same time all the varied emotions of hope, delight and surprise to which the remark had given rise; "and how so?"

"Why, it reminded me, the moment I entered the room, both in extent and shape, of my tent in the Crimea!" returned the Marshal with the most impertubable *sang froid*, while the lady, vexed and ashamed, drew the flounces in with an embarrassed gesture, and the Marshal, with a polite bow, withdrew to pay his compliments elsewhere.—*Court Journal.*

A Literal Runaway Match.

A capital story is told by a Texas paper of a runaway match that came off in that State. It seems that a couple had resolved to get married, notwithstanding the opposition of parents and relatives of every degree, and securing the co-operation of a friendly clergyman, they all three mounted their horses and set out for a friend's mansion several miles distant, where the rites could be solemnized without interference. They had not gone far, however, before their flight was discovered, and then there was as much mounting, and racing, and chasing as occurred on the occasion of "Young Lochinvar's" celebrated elopement with the Netherby maiden. The lovers and their faithful pastor soon heard the noise of approaching pursuers and gave their horses the spur. But alas! their enemies were better mounted and gained fast upon them. It was evident they would soon be captured, when a felicitous inspiration of the maiden came to their aid. "Can't you marry us as we run?" she shouted to the clergyman. The idea "took," and the pastor at once commenced the ritual. All parties "covered themselves with glory," and just as the bride's father clutched her bridle-rein, the clergyman pronounced the lovers man and wife. When the old gentleman first learnt what had been done, he was inclined to be furious; but being a gallant old fellow, and admiring a dashing action, he soon concluded to forgive the runaways, in consideration of the handsome and novel manner in which they triumphed over him.

Hail Two or Three Feet Deep.

The Waynesburg (Pa.) *Messenger* says that a very severe hail storm visited Green county, near Freeport, last Saturday. The hail came down in a perfect torrent; the stones varied from the size of a partridge to that of a hen's egg, and came with such force, and in such quantities, as to do great damage to nearly everything in the track of the storm. Shingle roofs were split to pieces, the growing corn was perfectly stripped of its blades and shoots, the apple trees were left naked of leaves and barren of fruit, the buckwheat was entirely destroyed, the forest trees were left almost as naked as in mid winter, and the fruit trees of all kinds were almost entirely stripped of their foliage and fruit. The fowls which were without shelter were killed by the weight and force of the hail stones. Mr. Dunn exhibited to us his hands, which were much bruised and swollen from the pelting received while engaged in holding his horses. He assured us that after the storm he had driven through banks of hail stones from two to three feet deep.

Burning the Dead.

A work has appeared in London, entitled "Burning the Dead; or Ura Sepulture Religiously, Socially and Generally Considered; with Suggestions for a Revival of the Practice as a Sanitary Measure. By a Member of the Royal College of Surgeons."

The Paris Academy of Medicine has again set the papers to writing and the people to thinking earnestly of the revival of the practice of burning the dead. They say that in the summer time the Parisian hospitals are crowded by the victims of pestilence engendered by the foul air of the graveyards in the neighborhood. The vicinity of the cemetries is a constant source of mortality—their putrid emanations filling the air, and the poison they emit impregnating the waters, are held chargeable for the many new and fearful diseases of the throat and lungs which baffle all medical skill.

"When a woman," says Mrs. Partington, "has once married with a congealing heart, and one that beats responsible to her own, she will never want to enter the maritime state again."

"How is it," said a man to his neighbor, "that our parson, the laziest man living, can preach such long sermons?" "Why," said his neighbor, "he is too lazy to stop."